9

IN IMITATION OF LUCRETIUS.

Suave mari magno, &c.

HOW are we pleas'd, when from the diſtant Shore
We ſee a Raging Storm, our ſelves ſecure!
Not that Another's Mis'ries we approve,
But Nature pleads for Int'reſt and Self-love.
Such are the Joys we feel, when from afar,
We view the Mournful Scenes of a Deſtructive War.

But Oh! what Nobler Pleaſures ſtill remain,
If we but once to Virtue's Height attain;
Whence we, as from a Pinacle, look down,
And ſee th' unthinking Crowds bewilder'd run

In the Purſuit of Happineſs. Some aim
At Pow'r; at Riches Some; Some ſtrive for Fame,
Fir'd with the Charms of an Immortal Name.
Thus buſied Man his reſtleſs Hours employs,
His Eaſe, his Vigour, and his Health deſtroys;
Forfeits a Real Good, for Unſubſtantial Joys.

Vain, wretched Man! who amidſt Cares and Strife,
E're think'ſt to taſte th' unmingl'd Sweets of Life.
If you'd to laſting Happineſs aſpire,
Let Prudent Nature bound each Chaſt Deſire:
Nature craves only what ſhe cannot ſpare;
A Body free from Pain, a Mind from Care.

What tho' no Stately Palaces we boaſt,
No Golden Sconces grace the Sumptuous Feaſt;
Tho' we ne're hear the Trumpet's ſprightly Sound,
Nor with *Italian* Airs the Vaulted Roofs rebound:
Yet ſtretch'd at Eaſe beneath ſome Friendly Shade,
By Nature for Enjoyment only made;
Where Murm'ring Streams Harmonious Raptures move,
While the Gay Spring adorns each Verdant Grove,
We'll revel with the Joys of an Unbounded Love.

Since then, nor Honour, Wealth, nor Pow'r, we find,
Can eaſe the Body, or content the Mind;
Vain are the Pleaſures of a Pompous State,
Empty the Boaſted Titles of the Great.

If neither Armies Marſhall'd on the Plain,
Nor Fleets Triumphant o're the Conquer'd Main,
Protect us from the Dread of Things to come,
Nor chaſe the Thoughts of an Eternal Doom.
But if amidſt the Warriour's Dire Alarms,
Fear ſtill purſues the Conſcious Victor's Arms:
If ſome Ill Fortune ſtill attend the Great,
And In-bred Cares diſturb the Royal Seat:
'Tis ſute, our Fondneſs for ſuch Glitt'ring Shows;
Not from *their* Worth, but *our* ill Judgment flows.

Miſguided Man, by Vain Deluſions led!
As Children in the Dark are ſeiz'd with Dread;
So we, ev'n at Noon-day, o'rewhelm'd with Cares,
Raiſe Anxious Doubts, and Superſtitious Fears:

Such as no Rays of Sun-ſhine can controul,
But ever will o'reſpread the Gloomy Soul;
Till Truth and Reaſon in full Luſtre ſhine,
Diſperſe the Dark'ning Clouds, and ſhew the Soul's Divine.

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